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## POETRY.

## THE USE OF PHRENOLOGY.

Away with all fear and misgiving!  
Young lovers must woo by the book—  
There's an end to all trick and deceiving!  
No man can be caught by a look.  
Bright eyes, or a love breeding dimple,  
No longer the witchery fling;  
That lover, indeed, must be simple,  
Who yields to so silly a thing.

No more need we shun the bright glances,  
Whence Cupid shot arrows of yore;  
To skulls let us limit our fancies,  
And love by the bumps we explore!  
Oh now we can tell in a minute,  
What fate will be ours when we wed;  
The heart has no passion within it,  
That is not engraved on the head.

The first time I studied the science  
With Jane, and I cannot tell how—  
'Twas not till the eve of alliance  
I noticed a bump on her brow;  
Casualty finely expanding,  
The largest I ever did see;  
Such arguments far too commanding,  
Thought I, to be practised on me.

Then Emma came next, and each feature  
As mild as an angel's appeared;  
I ventured, however, sweet creature!  
To take a peep over her ears;  
Destructiveness, terrible omen,  
Most vilely developed did lie;  
(Though, perhaps, it is common in woman,  
And hearts may be all they destroy.)

The Organ of Speech was in Fanny;  
I shudder'd—'twas terribly strong!  
Then fled, for I'd rather than any  
Than that to my wife should belong.  
I next turn'd my fancy to Mary—  
She said, she loved nothing but me;  
How the word and the index did vary!  
For nought but Self-love did I see.

Locality, slyly betraying  
In Hannah a passion to roam,  
Spoke such predilection for straying,  
Thought I, she'll be never at home.  
Oh! some were so low in the forehead,  
I never could settle my mind;  
While others had all that was horrid,  
In terrible swellings behind.

At length, 'twas my lot to discover  
The finest of skulls, I believe,  
To please and to puzzle a lover,  
That Spurzheim or Combe could conceive.  
'Twould take me, oh! years to decipher  
The bumps on my Alice's head;  
So I said, I will settle for life here,  
And study them after we're wed.

## THE FAIR.

You may smile, reader, at the idea of a story entitled...THE FAIR; but read on, and you may find it an appropriate title to a touching though simple tale. This may seem like the writer's praising his own production—but that is neither here nor there amongst authors—it is done every day; and not amongst authors only, but amongst all trades, crafts, and professions. If a man does not speak well of his own wares, whom does he expect to do it for him, when every man is busy selling wares of his own? You know the saying—'he's a silly gardener that litchies his ain leeks.' But to go on with THE FAIR. On a Fair day nature always turns out hundreds of her best human specimens of unsophisticated workmanship. Did you ever examine the countenances of a rustic group around a stall covered with oranges and sweetmeats—a bevy of rural beauties, besieging the heart and the pockets of a rural bachelor of two-and-twenty. The colour of one countenance is deep and various as the rainbow—a second emulates the rose—a third the carnation—while the face of a fourth, who is deemed the old maid of her companions, is sallow as a daffodil after a north wind. There blue eyes woo, and dark eyes glance affection, and ruby lips open with the jocular laugh; and there, too, you may trace the workings of jealousy rivalry and envy, and other passions less gentle than love, according as the oranges and gingerbread happen to be divided amongst the fair recipients. You, too, have heard the drum beat for glory, and the shrill note of the fife ring through the streets, while a portly sergeant, with a sword bright as a sunbeam, and unsheathed in his hand, flaunted his smart cockade, or belike shook a well-lined purse as he marched along, or, halting at intervals, shook it again, while he harangued the gaping crowd—'Now, my lads—now is the time for fortune and glory! there, by Jupiter! there is the look—the shoulders—the limbs—the gait of a captain at least! Join us, my noble fellow, and your fortune is made—your promotion is certain! God save the King! Down with the French!' 'Down wi' them!' cries a young countryman, flushed with 'the bar-

ley bree,' and, borrowing the sword of the sergeant, waves it uncouthly round his head—feels himself a hero...a Samson...a Caesar—all the glories of Napoleon seem extinguished beneath his sword-arm. 'Down wi' them!' he cries again more vehemently, and again...Hurra for the life of a sodger!—and the next moment the ribbon streams from his Sunday hat. On such incidents turns our present story. Willie Forbes was a hind in Berwickshire. He was also the only child, and the sole support of a widowed mother, and she loved him as the soul loveth the hope of immortality; for Willie was a dutiful son and a kind one, and withal one of whom many mothers in Scotland might have been proud, for his person was goodly as his heart was affectionate; and often as his mother surveyed his stately figure, she thought to herself—as a mother will...that there wasna a marrow to her Willie in a 'braid Scotland.' Now, it chanced, that before Willie had completed his twenty-third year, that they were 'in need of a bit lassie,' as his mother said, 'to keep up the bondage.' Willie, therefore went to Dunse hiring to engage a servant; but, as fate would have it he seemed to fix upon the most unlikely maiden for field-work in the market. At a corner of the market-place, as if afraid to enter the crowd, stood a lovely girl of about eighteen. Her name was Menie Morrison. 'Are ye for hiring the day, hinny?' said Willie kindly. 'Yes,' was the low and faltering reply. 'And what place was ye at last?' 'I never was in service,' said she, and as she said this she faltered more. 'An' where does your father live—what is he?' continued Willie. 'He is dead,' answered Menie, with a sigh. Willie paused a few moments, and added—'And your mother?' 'Dead, too!' replied the maiden, and tears gushed into her eyes. 'Puir thing!—Puir thing,' said Willie—'weel, I'm sure I'll nae ken what to say tillt.' 'You may look at this,' said she, and she put into his hands a slip of paper. It was her character from the minister of the parish where she had been brought up. 'That's very excellent,' said Willie, returning the paper—'very satisfactory—very, indeed. But—can ye—can ye hoe?' added he, hesitatingly. 'Not weel,' answered she. 'I like that, that's honest,' added he, 'hoein's easy learned. Can ye milk a cow?' 'No, she replied. 'That's a pity,' returned Willie. But he looked again in her face; he saw the tear still there. It was like the sun gilding a summer cloud after a shower, it rendered her face more beautiful. 'Weel, it's nae great matter,' added he, 'my mother can learn ye,' and Willie Forbes hired Menie Morrison through his heart. In a short time, Menie became an excellent servant. Willie and his mother called her, 'our Menie.' She loved her as a daughter, he as a man loveth the wife of his bosom; and Menie loved both in return. She had been two years in their service, and the wedding day of Menie and Willie was to be in three months. For a few weeks, Willie, from his character and abilities, had been appointed farm-steward. He looked forward to the day when he should be able to take a farm of his own, and Menie would be the mistress of it. But Berwick Fair came. Willie had a cow to sell, and Menie was to accompany him to the fair. Now the cow was sold, and Willie was 'gallanting' Menie and three or four of her companions about the streets. He could not do less than bestow a fairing upon each, and he led them to a booth, where the usual luxuries of a fair were spread out. At the booth, Willie found his master's daughter with some of her own acquaintances. She was dressed more gaily than Menie Morrison, and her face was also fair to look upon, but it wanted the soul, the charm that glowed in the countenance of the humble orphan. It had long been whispered about the farmstead, and at the farmsteads around it, that 'Miss Jean was fond o' Willie Forbes,' and some even said that it was through her partiality he obtained his stewardship. Menie had heard this, and it troubled her; for the breeze that scarce moves the down on the thistle will move the breast of a woman that loves. Miss Jean accosted the young steward for her fairing. 'Ye shall hae' that,' said Willie, but there's naething good enough here for the like o' you, come awa' to one o' the shops.' So saying, he disengaged his arm from Menie Morrison's, and without thinking of what he did, offered it to his master's daughter, and left Menie and her friends at the booth. Poor Menie stood motionless, a mist seemed to gather before her eyes, and the crowd passed before her as a dream. 'Ye see how it is,' observed her companions; 'naething here guid enough for her! if ye speak to him again, Menie, ye deserve to beg in the cause!' Her pride was wounded, her heart was touched, a cloud fell upon her affections. Such is human nature that it frequently happens re-

venge and love are at each other's elbows. Now, Menie was not without other admirers, and it so happened that one of these, who had more pretensions to this world's goods than Willie Forbes, came up at the moment, while her bosom was struggling with bitter feelings. For the first time, Menie turned not away at his approach. He was more liberal in his fairings than Willie could have been. As the custom then was, and in some instances still is, they heard the sounds of music and dancing. Willie's rival pressed Menie and her companions to 'step up and hae a reel.' They complied, and she accompanied them, scarce knowing what she did.

In a few minutes Willie returned to the booth, but Menie was not there. His eye wandered among the crowd—he walked up and down the streets, but he found her not. Something told him he had done wrong—he had slighted Menie. At length 'a good natured friend' informed him she was dancing with young laird Lister. The intelligence was wormwood to his spirit. He hastened to the dancing-room, and there he beheld Menie, 'the observed of all observers,' gliding among her rustic companions lightly as you have seen a butterfly kiss a flower. For a moment he was proud to look upon her as the queen of the room; but he saw his rival hand her to a seat and his blood boiled. He approached her. She returned his salutation with a cold glance. Another reel had been danced. Willie offered her his hand for her partner in the next. 'I'm engaged,' said the hitherto gentle Menie, 'but may be Miss Jean will hae nae objections—if there's ony thing good enough for her here.' At that moment, Willie's rival put his arm through Menie's—she stood by his side...the music struck up, and away they glided through the winding dance! Willie uttered a short, desperate oath, which we dare not write, and hurried from the room. But scarce had he left it till confusion and a sickness of heart came upon Menie. She went wrong in the dance—she stood still—her bosom heaved to bursting—she uttered a cry and fell upon the floor.

She in her turn, felt that she had done wrong, and on recovering she left her companions, and returned home alone. She doubted not but Willie was there before her. The road seemed longer than it had ever done before, for her heart was heavy. She reached his mother's cottage. She listened at the door—she heard not Willie's voice, and she trembled, she knew not why. She entered. The old woman rose to meet her. 'Weel, hinny,' said she, 'hae ye got back again? What sort o' a fair has there been? Where is Willie? Menie turned towards the blink to lay aside her bonnet, and was silent. 'What's the matter wi' ye, bairn?' continued the old woman—'is Willie no wi' ye—where is he?' 'He is comin', I fancy,' returned Menie, and she sobbed as she spoke. 'Bairn! bairn! there's something no right,' cried the mother, 'between ye. Some foolish quarrel, I warrant. But tell me what he's done, and for sending my Menie hame greetin' I'll gie him a hame-comin'!' 'No, no, it wasna Willie's wyte,' replied Menie, 'it was mine...it was a mine. But dinna be angry.' And here the maiden unbosomed her grief, and the old woman took part with her, saying—'son as he's mine ye just served him as he deserved. Menie.' Her heart grew lighter as her story was told, and they sat by the window together, watching one party after another return from the fair. But Willie was not amongst them; and when it began to wax late, and acquaintances passed, Menie ran to inquire of them if they had seen any thing of Willie, & they shook their heads and said—'No.' And it grew later and later, till the last party, who left the fair, had passed—singing as they went along—but still there was no tidings of Willie. Midnight came, and the morning came, but he came not. His mother became miserable, and in the bitterness of her heart she upbraided Menie, and Menie wept the more. They sat watching through the night and through the morning, listening to every sound. They heard the lark begin his song, the poultry leap from their roost, the cows low on the milk-maidens, and the ploughman prepare for the field, yet Willie made not his appearance. Time grew on till mid-day, and the misery of the mother and of Menie increased. The latter was still dressed in the apparel she had worn on the previous day, and the former throwing on her Sunday gown, they proceeded to the town together to seek for him. They inquired as they went along, and from one they received the information—'I thought I saw him wi' the sodgers in the afternoon.' The words were as if a lightning had fallen on Menie's heart—his mother wrung her hands in agony, and cried—'My ruined bairn!—and she cast a look on poor Menie that had more meaning than kindness in it.

They reached the town, and as they reached it, a vessel was drawing from the quay—she had recruits on board, who were to be landed at Chatbam, from whence they were to be shipped to India. Amongst those recruits was Willie Forbes. When he rushed in madness from the dancing-room, he met a recruiting party on the street—he accompanied them to their quarters—he drank with them...out of madness and revenge he drank—he enlisted—he drank again...his indignation kindled against Menie and against his rival—he again swore at the remembrance of her refusing him her hand—he drank deeper—his parent was forgotten—he took the bounty—he was sworn in, and while the fumes of the liquor yet raged in his brain, maddening him on and drowning reflection, he was next day embarked for Chatbam. The vessel had not sailed twenty yards from the quay—Willie and his companions were waving their hats, and giving three cheers as they pulled off—when two women rushed along the quay. The elder stretched out her arms to the vessel—she cried wildly—'Gie me back my bairn!...Willie!—Willie Forbes!' He heard her screams above the huzza of the recruits—he knew his mother's voice—he saw his Menie's dishevelled hair—the poisonous drink died within him...his hat dropped from his hand—he sprang upon the side of the vessel—he was about to plunge into the river—when he was seized by the soldiers and dragged below. A shriek rang from his mother and from Menie...those who stood around them tried to comfort and pity them, and by all but themselves in a few days the circumstance was forgotten.

'Who will provide for me now, when my Willie is gone?' mourned the disconsolate widow, when the first days of her grief had passed. 'I will,' answered Menie Morrison; 'and your home shall be my home, and my bread your bread, and the husband o' the widow, and the father o' the orphan, will bring our Willie back again.' The old woman pressed her to her breast, and called her...her mair than daughter. They left the farmstead, and rented a very small cottage at some miles distance, and there, to provide for her adopted mother, Menie kept two cows, and in the neighbouring markets her butter was first sold, and her poultry brought the best price. But she toiled in the harvest field—she sewed—she knitted—she spun—she was the landress of the gentry in the neighbourhood—she was beloved by all, and nothing came wrong to Menie Morrison. Four years had passed and they had twice heard from Willie, who had obtained the rank of serjeant. But the fifth year had begun, and from a family in the neighborhood Menie had received several newspapers, that, as she said, she 'might read to her mother what was gane on at the wars.' She was reading an account of one of the first victories of Wellington in the east, and she passed on to what was entitled a GALLANT EXPLOIT. Her voice suddenly faltered—the paper shook in her hands. 'What is't...oh! what is't, Menie?' cried the old woman; 'Is't any thing about Willie?—My bairn's no dead?' Menie could not reply—she pressed her hand before her eyes and wept aloud. 'My son! my son!' exclaimed the wretched widow—'Oh! is my bairn dead?' The paragraph, which had filled Menie with anguish, stated that a daring assault had been led on by Serjeant Forbes of the 21st, after his superiors had fallen, but that he also fell mortally wounded in the moment of victory. I will not attempt to paint their sorrow. Menie put on the garments of widowhood for Willie, and she mourned for him not only many but every day—he had fallen in the arms of glory, yet she accused herself as his murderer.

Five years more had passed. It was March; but the snow lay upon the ground and the face of the roads was as glass. A stranger gentleman had been thrown from his horse in the neighborhood of the widow's cottage. His life had been endangered by the fall, and he was conveyed beneath her lowly roof, where he remained for weeks unable to be removed. He was about fifty or sixty years of age, and his dress in appearance indicated the military officer. Menie was his nurse, and if her beauty and kindness did not inspire the soul of the veteran with love, they moved it with sympathy. He wished to make her a return, and, at length, he resolved that that return should be an offer of his hand. He knew he was in his 'sere and yellow leaf,' and his face was marked with wounds—but for those wounds he had a pension—he had his half pay as Major, and three thousand pounds in the funds. He would shew his gratitude by tendering his hand and fortune to the village maiden. He made known his proposal to the old woman—maternal feeling suggested her first reply: 'She was to be my Willie's wife,'

said she ruefully, and wiped away a tear—'she was to be my daughter—and she is my daughter...I canna part wi' my Menie.' But prudence at length prevailed and she added, 'But why should she be buried for me? No, Sir, I winna wrang her—ye are ower kind,—yet she deserves it a', an' I will advise her as though she had been my ain bairn.' But Menie refused to listen to them.

When the sun began to grow warm in the heavens, a chair was brought to the door for the invalid, and Menie and her mother would sit spinning by his side, while he would recount his 'battles, sieges, fortunes,' and thus in an evening in May as the sun was descending on the hills, ran his story—'Fifty of us were made prisoners. We were chained man to man, and cast into a dark, narrow and damp dungeon. Our only food was a scanty handful of rice and a cup of water once in twenty-four hours. Death in mercy thinned our numbers. A worse than plague raged amongst us—our dead comrades lay amongst our feet: the living lay chained to a corpse. All died but myself and my companion to whom I was fettered.' He cheered me in fever and sickness. He took the water from his parched lips and held it to mine. And, maiden, I have been interested in you for his sake—for in his sleep he would start, and mention the name of Menie!

'Oh, Sir!' interrupted Menie and the old woman at once, 'what—what was his name?'

'If the world were mine I would give it to know,' replied the Major, and continued, 'He succeeded in breaking our fetters. We were left unguarded. Let us fly, said he, but I was unable to follow him. He took me upon his shoulders. It was midnight. He bore me to the woods. For five days he carried me along, or supported me on his arm, till we were within sight of the British lines. There a party of native horsemen came upon us. My deliverer, with no weapon but a branch which he had torn from a tree, defended himself like a lion in its desert. But he fell wounded, and was taken prisoner. A company of our troops came to our assistance—I was rescued, but my noble deliverer was borne again into the interior, and three years have passed, and I have heard no more of him.'

'But it is five years since my Willie fell,' sighed Menie Morrison. Yet she brooded on the word—Menie.

A wayfaring man was seen approaching the cottage. As he drew near the eyes of the Major glistened, his lips moved, he threw down his crutch. He started unaided to his feet, 'Gracious Heaven! it is himself!' he exclaimed, 'my companion! my deliverer!'

The stranger rushed forward with open arms, 'Menie!—mother!' he cried, and speech failed him. It was Willie Forbes! Menie was on his bosom, his mother's arms were round his neck, the old Major grasped his hand. Reader, need I tell you more. Willie Forbes had fallen, wounded as was thought mortally; but he had recovered, he had been made prisoner. He was returned. Menie gave him her hand. The Major procured his discharge, and made him his heir. He took a farm, and on that farm the Major dwelt with them, and fought his battles o'er again, to the children of Willie and Menie Forbes.

**Upas Poison.**—The common train of symptoms is a trembling of the extremities, restlessness, erection of the hair, affection of the bowels, drooping and faintness, slight spasms & convulsions, hasty breathing, and increasing flow of saliva, spasmodic contractions of the pectoral and abdominal muscles, retching, vomiting, great agony, laborious breathing, violent and repeated convulsions, death. The action of the Upas poison is directed chiefly to the vascular system. The volume of the blood is accumulated in a preternatural degree in the large vessels of the thorax. The circulation appears to be exactly from the extremities, and thrown upon the viscera near its source. The lungs, in particular, are stimulated to excessive exertions. The vital viscera are oppressed by an intolerable load, which produces the symptoms above described, while in the extremities a proportionate degree of torpor takes place, accompanied by tremors, shiverings, and convulsions. The natives of Macassar, Borneo, and the Eastern Islands, when they employ this poison, make use of an arrow of bamboo, (to the end of which they attach a shark's tooth) which they throw from a blow-pipe or sompit. The Upas appears to affect different quadrupeds with nearly equal force, proportionate in some degree to their size and disposition. *Memoirs of Sir Stamford Raffles.*

Slander is the revenge of a coward, and dissimulation his defence.



## GREAT CONSTITUTIONAL MEETING.

In consequence of the crowded state of our columns, we are unable to give the entire proceedings of the Quebec Constitutional Meeting. The Address to his Excellency, and his reply, we hope to be enabled to lay before our readers in our next publication. The following speech by John Duval, Esq. preceded the Resolutions as given in our last number:—

JOHN DUVAL, Esq. having advanced to the front of the hustings, was greeted with loud cheers. He spoke to the following effect:—I come forward to propose the first of a series of resolutions, drawn up by a Committee for the purpose of being submitted to this meeting, which I believe to be the most numerous and respectable and imposing ever held in Canada. I consequently take peculiar pride in having the honor of proposing the first resolution, and am extremely gratified to witness such a display of loyalty and attachment to the connection between the British Provinces and the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland—(Cheers.) A subject of a Queen, who rules over one of the freest and most civilized nations of the earth, I cannot understand the policy which would create dissensions among us, because all our fathers were not born in the same clime or worship at the same altar. The men who inculcate doctrines tending to create such dissension, are not the friends of Canada; on the contrary, they are her most dangerous enemies—(Cheers.) How much more noble would be the conduct of certain individuals, if instead of preaching sedition and smuggling, they were to advocate submission to legally constituted authority. How much more entitled to respect would be their conduct, if they recommended sobriety and orderly habits among the people, instead of instigating them to revolt. What ever country gives us birth, we are all members of one great family, and bound individually and collectively to contribute to the happiness of the whole. These are the principles which ought to actuate every member of the community, and it is for the advancement of such that we have assembled today, and I certainly must say, that a similar meeting I have not witnessed in Lower Canada. I would ask if there is a man who can look on and see with indifference the scene now before me; if there be such an individual I envy not his feelings—(Cheers.) I am unable to express my sentiments fully on witnessing so strong a manifestation, but consider that I should do injustice if I did not pay a compliment to my fellow subjects, for the manner in which they have shown themselves this day. I see before me an active, industrious population ready to frustrate the deep laid schemes of the traitorous demagogue, and at the same time resist the mandates of usurped authority—(Loud cheers.) The objects of the present meeting may be explained in a very few words. We have assembled to express our determination to support the King and constitution, and resist the attempts lately made throughout this province to excite to violation of the laws, and in fact to open revolt against our Sovereign—(Cheers.) Let others indulge in their wild theoretical speculations on government, we feel practically that in Lower Canada no other restraint is put on the subject than what is absolutely necessary to protect the rights of others. Such is the aim of all good governments, and we are happy in being able to declare that in Lower Canada, we feel the security afforded by the law. We know that the law admits of no distinction of persons—the cottage of the poor is respected equally with the palace of the rich. We know also that in Canada is no power above the law, for wherever the law has conferred power, there also has it imposed responsibility. I would put the question in plain language to all about me, whether any one entertains the least fear of any act of despotism on the part of his superiors in rank—(No! No!) On the contrary, I regret to say, that past events have given us reason to say we have more to fear from the weakness of men in power, than of aggression on their part—(Tremendous cheering.) Having, therefore, nothing to dread from a despot use of authority, and entertaining entire confidence in the efficacy of the law, when properly administered, why should we call for a change as proposed by certain individuals in the province? If we are to judge from the sentiments set forth at various meetings, and the attempts lately made to effect such a change, there certainly could be no greater curse than that we should be subjected to the power of the men advocating those principles and expressing those sentiments. The principles advocated by the men who have taken a conspicuous part in the meetings lately held in different parts of this province, are similar to those set forth during the Reign of Terror in France. They are subversive of social order, tending to arm the father against the child, arraying the rabble in opposition to the wealth and influence of the country, and immediately tending to the establishment of anarchy and disorder—(Loud cheers.) Principles, precisely similar to those advocated in this province, were the means of bringing about the revolution of 1788 in France. Contempt for the King and disobedience to the laws tended to a result which may teach the people of this province a lesson, that the people of France would have been happy to have learnt, now, that after a struggle of twenty-five years, during which period all liberty was banished from the soil of France,

a citizen King was placed on the throne, who has succeeded in depriving his subjects of the liberty which the people of this province now possess—(Great cheering.) A similar result must inevitably follow the success of the attempts made by the agitators of this province, they being the same description of demagogues who would wade to the throne through the blood of their fellow subjects, and then convince you of the power and efficacy of their doctrines. This state of things will, however, I am convinced, never happen in Lower Canada—(Cheers.) The meeting which I have now the honor of addressing, convince me that the people of this province will never raise a professed smuggler to the Throne—(Deafening cheers.) In what estimation would we be held, if, as an independent nation, we set forth principles now promulgated by the would-be rulers of this province. With such principles what position should we hold among the nations of the earth, when we should come forward with our Chief Smuggler at our head—(Great cheering and laughter.) As we now are, a dependance of the British Crown, we shall always be treated with respect, but let us declare a species of independence, with a set of professed knaves and smugglers at our head, and we can never be treated with any thing but contempt—(Great cheering.) This, of course, is speaking theoretically, for it is impossible with the neighbors that we have, that an independence could be maintained. Within the space of six short months, we would be merged in the neighboring Union, and then, I would ask, what would become of the institutions, the language and the religion that are now guaranteed to us by the British Constitution—(Cheers.) From the moment that that flag was unfurled, which is the standard of liberty to the Canadians—the moment I say it required to be unfurled, there would be found more than one friend of his country (although he might have evinced different sentiments hitherto,) to exclaim 'Oh! England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—(Great cheering.) The true friends of the country would inevitably, in the event of a struggle gain the ascendancy—(Yes, Yes, and cheers.) But it is to avert such a national calamity that we are this day assembled. Let us then here boldly vindicate our character for loyalty. Let us openly proclaim that 'The Throne we honor is the people's choice';—[enthusiastic cheers.]—and that we are proud of our connexion with one of the first nations of the earth—(continued cheering.) Let all traitors look to this meeting, and say there is nothing like loyalty in this province. We may be divided on minor local points, but when the question is raised as to whether we shall support the connection with Great Britain or throw it off, there can be but one voice among the honest and well disposed population of this province. That voice is in favor of the Queen and constitution; it is in favor of Old England, the land consecrated by the genius of universal freedom. Assembled here on the present occasion to express such sentiments, let us hold out the olive branch towards all our fellow subjects: let us beseech our misguided countrymen to reflect on the consequences that must result from their connection with a man who openly calls upon them to become traitors to their Queen and country—[cheers.] If that man should succeed in his nefarious designs, the domestic harmony and peace of every fire side in Canada would be destroyed. Let that day be long averted, but when it does come, let British subjects remember that 'England expects every man to do his duty.'—(Vehement cheering.)

The following are the Resolutions which were passed at the Loyal and Constitutional meeting, held at NAPIERVILLE, in the County of L'ACADIE, on the 25th ultimo:—

Moved by Col. Odell, seconded by Capt. Michel Langevin.

Resolved, 1. That this meeting have observed with great regret that an assembly was held in this parish, on Monday, the 17th July instant, by a certain number of individuals who wrongfully and vainly denominated themselves to be a meeting of the freeholders of this county; whereas the greater number of the persons present on that occasion, were entire strangers to the county, who attended purposely in order to deceive the people, and to propagate disorganizing and disloyal principles among them; that the necessary notifications of that meeting not having been made for the purpose of calling together the inhabitants of the County, the proceedings and Resolutions had at that meeting cannot and ought not, to be considered as expressive of the sentiments of the people of this part of the Province, and that it is the bounden duty of this meeting to protest against the proceedings which then took place and the Resolutions which were there adopted.

Moved by Capt. Antoine Robert, seconded by Capt. Edward March.

Resolved, 2. That the line of conduct pursued by a majority of the Commons House of Assembly for some years past, and the continued refusal of that body to co-operate with the other branches of the Legislature in the discharge of the duties, springing out of the relation in which it stands towards the people of the Province, have imposed upon His Majesty's Ministers the necessity of resorting to the authority and interposition of the Imperial Parliament, for the purpose of arresting a course

of things detrimental to the best interests of the Colony, and fraught with injury to all classes of its population.

Moved by Capt. Daniel Scott, seconded by J. B. Lamoureux, Esq.

Resolved, 3. That the Assembly having virtually abdicated its functions in refusing to contribute towards the expenses of the Local Government and the administration of justice, except upon terms which would insure to it a paramount, if not an exclusive authority in the Legislature and Government of the country, this meeting feels itself called upon to express its approval of the Resolutions recently submitted by the King's Ministers to the Houses of Parliament, and to declare interference of the Imperial Government, to have been under the circumstances disclosed, not only expedient but urgent.

Moved by Col. F. Languedoc, seconded by Capt. Frederick Singer.

Resolved, 4. That this meeting condemns the measures suggested and the principles avowed at various meetings recently held in different parts of the Province, under pretence of giving expression to public opinion upon the Resolutions, as dangerous in their tendency, subversive of the fidelity which the people owe to their Sovereign and His Government, and calculated to foster impressions the most erroneous, with respect to the sentiments and affection of His Majesty's Canadian subjects.

Moved by Major H. Wilson, seconded by Pierre Poissant, Esq.

Resolved, 5. That this meeting disclaims any participation in the sentiments or objects which appear to have prompted these assemblies, and is assured that the majesty of the laws, and a steady exercise of authority on the part of the Executive Government have become necessary, and will be found adequate to preserve the peace of the country, and to check the further diffusion of those seditious and disorganizing principles, by which a hitherto peaceable and happy community, is sought to be disturbed.

Moved by Casimir Dupuis, Esq. seconded by Timothy Appleton, Esq.

Resolved, 6. That this Assembly, confiding in the honorable intentions of His Majesty's Government towards his Canadian subjects, is determined in its purposes to maintain inviolate the connexion which exists between the Colony and the Parent State.

Moved by John McCallum, Esq. seconded by Winslow Williams, Esq.

Resolved, 7. That this meeting approves of the pacific Administration of His Excellency Lord Gosford, the Governor of this Province, and deems it a duty to acknowledge, that he has manifested an earnest desire to promote the good of the country and the welfare and happiness of the people of this Province, and it is assured that this disposition of His Excellency would have been followed with real and beneficial effects had the majority of the House of Assembly not refused to co-operate with him in the measures necessary for the general weal and prosperity of the country.

Moved by P. Gamelin, Esq. seconded by Joseph Brisset, Esq.

Resolved, 8. That this meeting is of opinion that the inhabitants of this Province can have now no real complaint against the British Government, that it firmly believes that all the troubles which disturb this Province, originate from the ambitious dreams and idle projects of Louis Joseph Papineau, Speaker of the House of Assembly of this Province, who, with a few obscure agitators, tread through the country, using their utmost efforts to deceive and mislead the people, and induce them to pronounce opinions upon matters, the import of which they know not; and this meeting is fully satisfied, that the people cannot live under any authority which could render them more happy and afford greater protection, and the enjoyment of more civil & religious liberty, than under that of the paternal Government of Great Britain.

Moved by T. Brisset, Esq. seconded by Capt. Wm. A. Fisher.

Resolved, 9. That this meeting censures and highly and openly disapproves of the Parliamentary conduct of the Representatives of L'Acadie, who, far from fulfilling their duty, in proposing, advocating, and sanctioning laws necessary for the prosperity and welfare of the community and the advancement of its interests, such as the abolition of the Feudal Tenures, the establishment of Register Offices, Bankrupt Laws, Hypothecary rights, &c. &c. have only lent themselves to second the views of the majority of the House of Assembly, in disputes relative to legislative and speculative prerogatives, and by such conduct have perverted and abused the sacred charge reposed in them for the general good of the people.

Moved by Capt. M'Alister, seconded by Jas. Brishain, Esq.

Resolved, 10. That the proceedings of this assembly be transmitted to His Excellency Lord Gosford, with a humble request that they be placed at the feet of His Gracious Majesty as an authentic proof of the sentiments of respect and fidelity which animate his loyal subjects of the County of L'Acadie, which in every respect appears to be the expression of, and in unison with the feelings of the great majority of the inhabitants of Lower Canada.

From the Montreal Herald.

Owing to the persecution which foreigners undergo in 'the land of liberty,' great numbers of affluent emigrants are returning to Europe; at least, so says the New

York Times. The Eliza Warwick sailed for Liverpool on the 31st July, with 250 passengers, and the Orpheus for the same port, sailed on the 1st instant with nearly 200 passengers. Alluding to this the New York Advocate & Journal, says:—

'Marry, and we are glad of it, with all our hearts.' These 450 will do more good to their unfortunate countrymen in stopping the tide of emigration now setting in so strongly, than all the efforts of the daily press, and the Mayor and Corporation thrown into the bargain. When they arrive and explain the falsehoods by which they have been deluded, the impossibility of obtaining work, and the immense number of their suffering countrymen now in this city and almost perishing for lack of food, and the dreary prospect for the approaching winter, they will be more inclined to value the comforts of home, and present subsistence, and less disposed to depend upon futurity, pictured in such flattering but lying colors. We are induced to make these remarks from the following note, sent to us the evening before last, by our collector at Amboy:—

Emigrants.—In the last ten days there have arrived at Quarantine 7060 passengers, and nearly 3000 have arrived at Amboy—most of them deluded to this country by handbills circulated throughout Europe, that laborers are so scarce that women are carrying the hod at three dollars a day!

Ten thousand emigrants in ten days or 1000 per day, will make an immense accumulation of distress and misery, and we envy not the feelings of those who have been instrumental in adding to the amount of human wretchedness.

The following is translated from a communication in the *Canadien*, of yesterday evening, dated Point Levy, 3d August.

Yesterday, the 2d instant, a woman of this parish in preparing some pigeons for cooking, found on the liver of one of the birds, clearly imprinted, in small capitals—(letters semi capitales)—the following letters:—M. O. G. R. A. N. A. S. † These letters are in an even line on the right lobe of the liver, perfectly formed, very regularly spaced, and as clearly imprinted as if they had been impressed on wax, with a well cut seal. The fact, however singular it may appear, is nevertheless well authenticated and can be attested by several clergy, who examined the liver, and the letters imprinted on it, and immediately committed them to writing.

'The liver may be seen at the office of the Canadien.'

To this we may add, that we saw the liver, late in the afternoon of yesterday; it had been for some time immersed in spirits, and the characters, which are said to have been white when first the liver was taken to our neighbour, had changed to maroon colour, probably from the action of the spirits. That the liver was taken from the body of the pigeon by the woman, who, in alarm, carried it to the Cure, we can believe; but we confess that we cannot help suspecting some trick in the matter, and should like to know if the discoverer of this wonderful liver has any relative connected with a *Black art*.—*Id.*

## ENGLAND.

*Privy Council.*—At eleven o'clock her Majesty held a Privy Council at St. James's Palace. The Cabinet Ministers and Great Officers of her late Majesty's Household came in State, and were attired in the Windsor uniform. The Judges of all the Courts were introduced to her Majesty, and made the usual declaration of fidelity, and took the oaths to administer the laws with impartiality.

Several Orders in Council usual on the occasion of a new monarch to the throne, were agreed to, and signed by her Majesty.

After the breaking up of the Privy Council, the Cabinet Ministers proceeded to Downing street, and held a Cabinet Council at the Foreign office.

Orders were issued this morning for regulating the mourning to be observed in the army and navy which it is expected will be published in another supplement of the Gazette in the course of this day.

Orders were also issued for a court mourning, but up to two o'clock no orders had been given relating to a general mourning.

*Provision for the Queen Dowager.*—

The following is the resolution proposed by Lord Althorp, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and agreed to by the House of Commons, on the 15th April, 1831, with reference to this subject:—'That it was the opinion of the committee that such provision should be made for her Majesty as would be adequate to the maintenance of the Royal dignity in the case of her surviving his Majesty; that 100,000 pounds a year should be settled upon her Majesty for such purpose, payable out of the Consolidated Fund; and that Marlborough house and Bushy house, together with the lands attached to it, be settled upon her Majesty, as her places of residence.'

Marlborough house is not in a state fit to receive the Dowager Queen. It has been newly roofed and painted, but the interior will require three months to put it in a state fit for habitation. The Queen will probably pass the autumn at Bushy Park.

*Her present Majesty.*—This youthful & illustrious personage is descended on her mother's side, from John Frederick, surnamed the magnanimous, elector of Saxo-

ny. Having taken arms against the Emperor Charles V., and fallen, after the disastrous battle of Weiburg, into the hands of that Sovereign, he was detained in prison till his death, which took place in the year 1554, after seven years of distressing captivity. This prince left two sons, John Frederick, founder of the old line of Saxe Gotha, and John William, in whom commenced the line of Weimar, of which the present representative is Charles Augustus, the reigning Duke of Saxe Weimar. The marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Kent was first performed at Cobourg, in May, 1818, and again at Kew in July of the same year. A few weeks after the second ceremony, they returned to the Continent, and retired to Amorbach, the residence of the late Duke of Leiningen, the first husband of the Duchess, who left her the occupation of the palace, and the guardianship of their only son. The duchess acceded to the wish of the duke to return to this country, and the young princess was born seven months before her father's lamented demise.

By yesterday's mail the letters and papers of the 24th June Packet ship, were received from New York, which brought also to his Excellency the Governor in Chief the official account of the death of our late and most Gracious Sovereign His Majesty William IV. The melancholy intelligence was announced at 4 in the afternoon by the firing of sixty minute guns, from the Citadel, and the Royal Standard hoisted from half way down the Ensign Staff.

This morning his Excellency the Governor in Chief and the Members of the Executive Council assembled at the Castle of St. Lewis, and took the oaths prescribed by law; when orders were given for proclaiming her present Majesty Queen Victoria with the usual solemnities.

This ceremony took place at two o'clock, the Royal Standard had from sun rise up to this time been at half mast; at 2 it was hoisted to the full, the Proclamation was read in front of the Castle, in the presence of his Excellency the Governor in Chief, the Judges, and the principal officers of the Civil Government. A Royal Salute was fired from the Citadel, followed by three rounds *en feu de joie* from the Infantry on the Esplanade.

The Sheriff, in the mean time, attended by the High Constable, a number of Magistrates on horseback, and escorted by a guard of honor, the Light Infantry of the 66th Regiment with the band, proceeded to various parts of the Upper and Lower Town where the Proclamation was again read.

The Bells of the Cathedral rang a merry peal and discharged salvos in honor of her Majesty's accession.

According to the established custom, the Standard will to-morrow and for the six following days, be hoisted at half mast, and at sun set on the seventh it will be raised and sixty minute guns fired, which will conclude this part of the mourning ceremony.

The usual Proclamations on the accession of a Monarch to the Throne of England, have been published in an Extra Gazette by Authority this day, together with the order for all persons to put themselves into decent mourning, which is to commence from Thursday next.—*Quebec Gazette of August 2.*

For the Mississkoui Standard.

## THE FIRE SIDE.—No. 35

If the task which I have undertaken for this week were performed by a hand sufficiently practised it would hardly fail to be read with emotions of pleasure, because it is 'one which, to a benevolent mind, is always pleasing.' For my own part I have ever deemed it a source of the purest pleasure, to contemplate the virtues and the laudable acquirements of my fellow creatures, through all the forms, and through all the walks, in which they appear to my view; and what gives me satisfaction, I can no more conceal, than I can bury in my thoughts, what gives me pain. For me to be pleased with the excellencies of others is very easy, because I consider it as a source of pleasing enjoyment to see so many of my brethren so far before me, and as it were, encouraging me to follow, till all who are 'looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith,' unto Jesus at the ultimate end of their labours in the 'New Jerusalem.' I can therefore speak my mind voluntarily, freely, conscientiously and without reserve, relative to a religious Paper, called THE CHURCH, published weekly at Cobourg, in Upper Canada. This paper has but just begun, within the last few weeks. The last No. which has reached me is the seventh. The first I have never seen. I have now carefully read six of the series, and I am therefore so far, in my own estimation, able to give my opinion, such as it is of its merits. I need not say much more than this. I have seen nothing in the numbers which I have read that I dislike—nothing that I can condemn—nothing that I can feel myself unwilling to recommend to a son, or daughter; wife or sister, or christians in general. Of no other publication, falling within the periodical issues of the press, can I say so much. But of this I can go much farther than negative praise.

The selections, whether as expositions of Scripture; biographical sketches of eminent divines; or whether as essays on the Christian ministry, or upon devotional subjects, or whatever they may happen to be, are of the best description with regard to the qualities, both in relation to matter, which



is the first requisite, and manner, which I deem necessary to be considered, in order to arrive at a correct judgment. The selections are in accordance with the holy Scriptures—they are pious. They breathe in every sentence a most pleasing, amiable spirit of candour, benevolence and charity. Both the selections and the Editorial are of a piece, partaking of the same spirit as having slaked their thirst at the pure fountain of heaven-born truth; and, at the same time, remarkable for beauty, purity and elegant language. The merits of this modest periodical must, undoubtedly, be appreciated by all who have hearts that may be touched by the loveliness of a religion without enthusiasm, moroseness and bigotry; or a taste, susceptible of high gratification from a style which is plain, elegant and perspicuous, without the least attempt at the gorgeous trappings which are sometimes held forth as the perfection of composition. Were I to give a specimen of all that I deem worthy of praise in 'THE CHURCH,' it would swell my communication to a length and breadth that could not be admitted. I will, however, give a few. The following is from the Saturday preacher, 'on the Sabbath':—

'Of all the institutions enjoined upon this people (the Jews) there was none better calculated to maintain amongst them the knowledge and worship of the true God and to keep them distinct from the impure customs of their heathen neighbours than the solemn appointment of the Sabbath day. To this end, indeed, it would be highly conducive amongst all nations, in all ages, and under all circumstances; for it serves, above every other institution as a memorial of the great truth that Almighty God is the framer and preserver of this magnificent universe. So wisely is it adapted to this end; so strongly does it serve to keep up a sense of religious obligation; so powerfully does it conduce to the temporal as well as spiritual benefit of mankind; that this law of God has, in most Christian countries been annexed to the laws of man, and the religious observance of the Sabbath has been sanctioned by the wisest enactments of human jurisprudence.

In regarding it simply as a day of rest from the ordinary employments of life, there is much that is impressive and solemn; much that is elevating and improving to the soul in the idea of one general respite, on that hallowed day, from all the usual occupations of life; a cessation from the hum and bustle of worldly business; all eyes, all minds, all hearts turned from earth to heaven, leaving the world, pausing from its anxieties, forsaking its pursuits, and fixed with exclusive devotion upon Almighty God, the great Creator. Fallen as we are, we can appreciate the beauty of a picture like this—the world and its inhabitants reposing from their stir and toil;—man leaving his more selfish occupations, and engaging himself in nearer communion with his God; testifying thus his dependence upon, and seeking anew the protection of that heavenly parent;—the brute creation also shares in the general repose, joining, as it were, in a mute homage and silent adoration of the Lord of all. In such an institution we cannot fail to discern a Father and a Friend, whose tender mercies are over all his works, whose tender mercies are over all his works, whose tender mercies are over all his works. The man-servant and the maid-servant, the toll worn laborer—even the cattle within our gates have by God's own appointment their stated day of rest,—a rest which the sanctity of religion itself empowers them to claim.'

The following extract is from No. 2 of 'Scenes in other Lands':—

'One of the first things that will most particularly strike a person visiting England for the first time, is the extraordinary excellence of the macadamized roads;—enabling us in the mail-coach to proceed eleven miles per hour without any apparent exertion. About half-past two in the morning, when it was quite as light as day from the combining effect of the approaching dawn and the full moon, we came to the far-famed suspension bridge which crosses the Menai Straits;—a magnificent structure built of iron, and at such a prodigious height above the surface of the water that vessels of considerable size can pass underneath in full sail. When seen at a distance it bears a striking resemblance to what it is often compared to,—a beautiful and perfect piece of lace-work suspended in the air. We then passed through a very hilly and romantic country, diversified by many beautiful and highly cultivated spots with magnificent seats until we came to Bangor, a small old town with a very humble Cathedral, from whence to Langollen itself is one of the loveliest spots in the world, and the tasteful choice of residence of the celebrated two female recluses. Lady Mary Montague and Miss Ponsonby. From this place we continued on, through a country which was still romantic and beautiful, till we came to the old and famous city of Shrewsbury. And then indeed England, 'merry England,' burst upon us in all its loveliness and attractions. First the hedge rows bounding the smooth and white road; at this season they were beautifully green, and intersecting in numberless angles still greener fields and meads. Not a speck to disturb the perfect smoothness of the highly cultivated lands, unless here and there a clump of trees beneath whose shadow the cattle were reposing: hill and valley in delightful interchange and groves and shrubbery in tasteful interplay with the verdant fields: the neat white-washed cottages, the frequent village and its cheerful spire: the gentleman's seat, the nobleman's spacious and turreted habitation, encircled by elegant grounds: all this was enchantment on the right hand and on the left. Backwards and forwards the delightful eye rested on the blue hills, crowned with groves and towers and spires in the distance: sometimes a long low ridge, evincing the very perfection of tasteful cultivation: then a bold sugar loaf eminence: again, a steep and craggy peak. There an old ruin, of some castle which like its country's flag, had borne for a thousand years the battle and the breeze, perched upon an inaccessible eminence: lakes, rivers, and winding and bubbling streamlets, crossed by massive and highly finished stone bridges: all, all was a scene of enchantment, and created an excitement of indescribable pleasure and delight. 'Lovely England! no traveller hitherto a stranger to thy shores can possibly anticipate half the thousand fold attractions which thy smiling land presents on a bright day in spring, as he is borne along through a few of thy most fertile and highly cultivated counties:—all nature arrayed in the richness of her vernal green, the songsters' carolling in the hedges and groves, the cattle sportive and happy in the luxuriant fields, and man rejoicing in the contemplation of the unnumbered bounties and beauties which a gracious Providence spreads around him!'

I will not say that these are the best; for, where all is excellent, how difficult it is to make a selection! Did my limits permit, I might go on to select from various other pieces, and, in so doing, I would not leave out the pleasing account of an interview and dinner with the Archbishop of Canterbury. I wish with all my heart that all

Christian families could be persuaded to take in this excellent paper instead of some which they do take.

J. R.

## MISSISSKOU STANDARD.

FRELIGHSBURG, AUGUST 15, 1837.

It would appear that, since the great meetings held in Montreal and Quebec, by those who wish to preserve their allegiance to their Sovereign—to maintain the connexion of this province with the mother country—and to continue firm and unshaken in their adherence to the constitution, the revolutionists have nearly gone into fits. Their periodicals are in a towering passion. Nothing is too gross for them to write and to publish. The sound advice which the Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal has given to his clergy is roundly and unceremoniously impugned. The Bishop himself is attacked as a smuggler. This is done openly. And yet the straggling Peter the hermit—the head smuggler—the fomentor of evil passions, hatred, calumnies and sedition, comes forward, directing his obedient vassals to deny that he had spoken against the Canadian clergy, in his inflammatory rhapsody delivered at L'Acadie! It has long been known that the gentleman had as little regard for his God as he had for his late Majesty King William, or for her present Majesty Queen Victoria, whom he not only neglected to honour when she was proclaimed in Montreal, but whom he also treated very ungallantly, as a gentleman, by his unruly, ill-bred tongue, in one of his late rhapsodies.

The speech of Mr. Duval, at the Quebec constitutional meeting will, we think, be read with a very lively interest. Mr. Duval is a Canadian gentleman of distinguished talents, who has uniformly sustained an irreproachable character as both a loyal subject, and a zealous promoter of the best interests of the people at large. There is one remark which fell from this eloquent speaker that struck us very forcibly, namely: 'that past events have given us reason to say that we have much more to fear from the weakness of men in power than of any aggression on their part,' that is, the part of the agitators. What can be more true? What fear can be better founded, if we look at 'past events?' The 'weakness' referred to, has for a long time been manifest to the world. Its natural result is now felt in ample returns of unmixed evil for good. 'A countryman happened, in a hard winter, to espy a serpent under a hedge that was half frozen to death; the good natured man took it up, and kept it in his bosom till warmth brought it to life again; and so soon as it was in a condition to do any thing, it bit the very man that saved the life of it. Ah! Thou ungrateful wretch, says he, can thy ill-nature be satisfied with nothing less than the ruin of thy preserver?' How truly did old Aesop prophesy of the head smuggler and the affairs of Lower Canada!

The Montreal Herald of the 10th inst., has published two letters, and one in reply to the two, which answers, obviates refutes, disproves nothing at all, together with the condemnatory minute of the Montreal Committee of Trade, relative to the Banks which form the subject of the three letters, and said to have their location, or at least, their names, in this Province, but their operations at a great distance in the West. Swindlers, it seems, have hit on a scheme which renders counterfeiting Bank bills, totally unnecessary, and yet, in reality is as bad—not a whit better,—than downright robbery. The world will surely get sick of villainous rags and villainous round little plates called coppers. The courts of justice, in all countries, must begin to recommend the use of hemp, in certain diseases which infest the present generation.

We are informed that Mrs. Thomas Spencer, of Sutton, was drowned on the morning of the 11th instant. The circumstances attending this melancholy affair we have not been able to ascertain any farther than that Mrs. Spencer had been indisposed for the last two or three weeks previous to her death, and consequently, occupied a separate apartment from that of Mr. Spencer. On Friday morning last Mr. S. discovered that she was absent from her room, and on search being made, her body was found in a branch of Missiskoui river. It appears that she has been mentally deranged.

We have, not unfrequently, been requested to give the Montreal Prices current, and we have generally endeavored

to comply with the requisition, but of late, it has been impossible for us to gratify our readers, as well ourselves, by so doing, as our exchange papers do not contain them. They will be found in our columns as regularly as they come to hand.

A 'Backwoodsman' we have received. We think he should have appreciated our tenderness better than he seems to have done. We only tried, without having any idea of applying the 'whip,' to make him think better of his good father's lessons and retain his 'loyalty.' We hope he will revise his father's lessons, now that we have a young Queen. Let him lay his grievances, in a respectful, becoming manner, before the proper authorities, which he said, he had not yet done, and talk no more of making 'shipwreck of his loyalty' until he be refused justice. We are yet tender. If we apply the 'whip,' we fear that, from the specimen he has given of his feelings, he will cry blood and murder! A word to the wise is sufficient.

For the Missiskoui Standard.

MR. EDITOR.—SIR.—After having inserted, in your paper of last week, my communication, and, without taking the whole into view, animadverted on some particular expressions in no very measured terms, and made some sweeping observations, apparently with a view of forestalling public opinion, and to cast an indiscriminate answer on the whole, you say, 'We forbear at this time to comment on this singular production in hopes that the writer will duly appreciate our tenderness,' &c.

This reminds me of the School-master who, after having applied the rod to a stubborn urchin until the blood trickled down to his heels, suddenly stopped, and exclaimed, 'On reflection, I believe I will forgive this offence, and will not whip you now,—having a confident hope that, by so doing, you will be convinced of my great love and tenderness, and never offend in like manner again.'

As I am so unfortunate as not to be able to 'appreciate your tenderness,' and so unhappy as not to possess a heart capable of feeling gratitude for such 'tender mercies,' you will, of course, feel at liberty to comment as much as you may think proper on my communication.

Yours Respectfully,

A BACKWOODSMAN.

Sheffield, August 10th, 1837.

The weather and heavy rains have hitherto been much against the hay makers. We trust that better times are to come. Farmers should never be discouraged.

An extraordinary Official Gazette, issued on the 2d inst. contains two Royal Proclamations by our Sovereign Lady the Queen:—The first for the encouragement of piety and virtue, and for preventing and punishing vice, profaneness, and immorality; the second, requiring all persons being in office of authority or Government, at the decease of the late King, to proceed in the execution of their respective offices. Another from the Governor-in-Chief announces that the Imperial Crown of Great Britain and Ireland, and all other, His late Majesty's dominions, has, by the demise of the late King, descended to the Princess Alexandrina Victoria, and requires all persons to yield obedience and govern themselves accordingly.—Quebec Gazette.

Castle of St. Lewis, Quebec, August 1, 1837. Order for a General Mourning for his late Majesty King William the Fourth. In pursuance of an order of his Excellency the Governor-in-Chief in Council, of this date, these are to give public notice, that it is expected that all persons on the present occasion of the death of his late Majesty, of blessed memory, do put themselves into decent mourning; the said mourning to begin on Thursday, the 3d day of August, instant. By command of his Excellency the Governor-in-Chief.

S. WALCOTT, Civil Secretary.

Office of the Sec'y of the Province, Quebec, August 3, 1837. His Excellency the Governor-in-Chief has been pleased to discharge Michel F. Valois from the Commission of the Peace for the District of Montreal, by an instrument bearing date, at the Castle of St. Lewis, in the City of Quebec, the 28th day of July, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven.

And his Excellency has been further pleased to associate the following persons to the said Commission of the Peace, for the said District, viz:—Loop Odell, Napierville, Benjamin Hart, Montreal, Moses J. Hayes, do, William O. Stevens, St. Martin, Louis Belanger, do, John Earl, County of Two Mountains, Gabriel Roi, Saint Laurent, A. C. Cholette, Rigaud, Donald M'Millan, do.

The following is given in our English papers as the new National Anthem: [A gentleman who contributes daily to the columns of the London Journal, has sent us the following amended stanzas, to correspond with the change that has taken place, and still occasion as little alteration as possible in what will now be the unanimous prayer of her Majesty's loyal subjects:—]

God save Victoria!  
Long live Victoria!  
God save the Queen!  
May she triumphantly  
Reign o'er a nation free,  
Their boundless joy to be—  
God save the Queen!

O Lord our God, arise,  
Scatter our enemies,  
And make them fall!  
Confound their politics,  
Frustrate their knavish tricks,  
On her our hopes we fix—  
God save the Queen!

In full munificence,  
Thy choicest gifts dispense—  
Long may she reign!  
May she defend our laws,  
And ever give us cause  
To sing with hearts and voice—  
God save the Queen!

The Florida War.—We said a few days since that the Florida war had cost a million of dollars. The statement met the eye of a gentleman who is well informed on the subject, and who writes us that instead of one million, this miserable, disastrous war has already cost twelve millions of dollars! This is a startling and almost incredible amount. But our information comes from a source in the highest degree respectable.

And has this Government expended twelve millions of dollars in this inglorious war against an impoverished, oppressed remnant of an Indian Nation? Have we spent so much treasure, with streams of blood, in an unavailing effort to drive the wretched Seminoles from their soil? And are we to go on with our Indian robberies at this terrible sacrifice of money and lives?

What has the Florida war cost? When is it to terminate? And what is to be accomplished by it? The subject is deeply interesting to the character of the Republic. Two years have already elapsed since the war commenced, and the Indians are still in possession of their own. If it has already cost twelve millions of dollars, without having gained a point in the controversy, when will the war end, and what will the whole cost?—Albany Eve. Jour.

We regret to learn that the Mills, on the Yamaska River in West Farnham, belonging to E. & J. Bowker, jr. were entirely consumed by fire, on the night of the 8th instant, together with 20,000 or 21,000 pieces of Pine Lumber, intended for the New York market, and about 250 Pine Logs. The amount of loss is estimated to be over 4,000 dollars.

## Notice.

THE Subscriber is desirous of purchasing a BARROW HOG, to fatten, weighing from 100 to 150 pounds, for which he will pay cash.

PETER LATURE.

Frelighsburg, August 4, 1837.

## Notice.

ALL persons having claims against the Estate of the late

A. V. V. Hogle,

of St. Armand West, are requested to present them without delay; and all those indebted, to pay the amount of their respective debts to the subscriber.

WM. F. HOGLE, Executor.

St. Armand West,

July 31st, 1837. V3 17—3m.

## Caution!

ALL persons are hereby cautioned against purchasing a certain Promissory Note in favor of

JAMES GILLIN,

and signed by the subscribers for the sum of about

\$73,60,

and dated at Bromo, on or about the 16th June, 1836, as no other consideration has been received of him by them than the surrender of the spurious Note, which the public had, by the undersigned Helen P. Jackson, been cautioned from purchasing, as the Nos. 1, 2 & 4 of the 2d Volume of this Journal show, and said spurious Note since it came into her possession, having been shown to Elijah Rice, to whom it purported to be payable, he hath upon oath, denied ever having received of the late Dr. GEORGE W. JACKSON, the apparent signer thereof.

HELEN P. JACKSON,  
JOHN JACKSON.

Bromo, 15th July, 1837.

## New Firm & New Goods.

THE undersigned returns his best acknowledgements to his customers for their liberal patronage, and begs to acquaint them, that the business will be continued at his old stand, in Frelighsburg, from this date, under the firm of

OREN J. KEMP & Co.

A General Supply of choice Articles are now opening and will be sold as cheap as at any other store in the county.

OREN J. KEMP.

Frelighsburg, 12th June, 1837.

## Wool Carding.

THE subscriber would beg to intimate to his friends and the public, that his CARDING MACHINES are in complete order for business; and that he holds himself at readiness to card wool for three cents per pound, cash down; four cents, in January next, and five cents at the end of the year.

R. V. V. FRELIGH.

Frelighsburg, June 12 1837.

## LOST!

A note of hand drawn in favor of the subscriber and signed by James Harrington, for the sum of fifteen Dollars, bearing date sometime in the month of September last, and payable the first day of December next.

N. B. All persons are forbid buying or discounting the said note.

WILLIAM D. SMITH.  
Sheffield, 4th April, 1837. V3 2—12w

## Valuable PROPERTY TO BE LET!!

THE subscriber is disposed to let for a term of years, the whole of his property at

BEDFORD,

consisting of a

Grist-Mill,

containing seven Run of Stones, including the necessary machinery for making Oatmeal, a

Carding-Machine

AND

Clothier's Shop,

a Turning Lathe,

propelled by water;—and after the first of November, 1838, his

Saw-Mill, Store, Ware-House, Distillery, & Dwelling House,

at present occupied by

F. H. MOORE, Esq.

He will also let for a term of years, his

Sawing Establishment,

at the Lower Falls, on Pike River.

The above property is well situated for business, perhaps not surpassed by any other in the country; and will be let separately to different persons, if required. The terms will be made favorable. The Lessee will, however, be required to keep it at all times in a perfect state of repair; a suitable allowance will be made in the estimation of rent for this purpose.

ROBERT JONES.

Bedford, June 17, 1837.

V3 10tf

## Champlain and Saint Lawrence Railroad NEW ARRANGEMENT.

On WEDNESDAY next, the 14th instant, and until further notice,

From Montreal. From Laprairie. Cars, by Locomotive. 10 o'clock, A. M. 3 o'clock, P. M.

From St. Johns. From Laprairie. Cars, by Locomotive. 5 o'clock, A. M. 10 o'clock, A. M. 9 o'clock, P. M. 3 o'clock, P. M.

ON SUNDAYS. From Montreal. From St. Johns. Princess Victoria. Cars, by Locomotive. 10 o'clock, A. M. 5 o'clock, A. M. 4 o'clock, P. M. 2 o'clock, P. M.

And from Laprairie, the Boat will leave on arrival of the Cars, and the Cars on arrival of the Boat.

First class Passengers through . . . 5s. 0d.  
Second do do do . . . 2s. 6d.  
To and from St. Johns or Montreal same day . . . 7s. 6d.  
Children half price.

Application for freight or passage from Montreal to be made on board the Princess Victoria.

The public will take notice, that in order to prevent those losses, mistakes and vexatious delays which must arise, unless due order and regularity be observed in the receiving and delivering of freight, the Company will strictly adhere to the following regulations:

1st.—All freight intended to cross the Railroad or Ferry must be delivered at either end of the Line, half an hour before the regular time of departure, in order that no delay may take place in starting at the periods advertised, and to allow time for the freight to be regularly Way-Billed.

2d.—No freight will be considered as delivered of the Company unless a Shipping List or Bill to Lading shall accompany the same, delivered to the Captain or Purser.

3d.—Freight from Montreal for Laprairie will be delivered on the Company's wharf, and must be removed with all despatch.

4th.—Freight from Montreal to St. Johns, and not intended for Lake Champlain, will be delivered at the Station House.

5th.—Freight from St. Johns for Laprairie will be delivered at the Station House.

6th.—Freight for Montreal will be considered as delivered on the wharf, due notice being given of its arrival to the owner or consignee.

June 13. 3—6w.

## RAIL-ROAD LINE OF



## Mail Stages

FROM STANSTEAD-PLAIN TO ST. JOHNS.

Messrs. CHANDLER, STEVENS, CLEMENT & TUCK.

FARE 3 1-2 DOLLARS. 17s. 6d.

Leaves St. Johns, Wednesday and Saturday mornings, and arrives at Stanstead Plain in the evening.

Leaves Stanstead Plain, Tuesday and Friday mornings, and arrives at St. Johns in the evening.

Passengers from Stanstead, may, if they please, breakfast in Montreal the next morning. Thus, the advantages of this new line are obvious.



# MORNING.

BY JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

'Tis dawn—  
The rosy light is breaking,  
The song the birds are waking;  
And starry heads are shaking  
Along the grassy lawn.

'Tis noon—  
Blue rise the hills before me;  
Pure swells the azure o'er me;  
And radiant blossoms pour me  
The balmy breath of June.

'Tis even—  
Gay clouds, like curtains, lie  
Athwart the golden sky;  
The wind goes whispering by,  
Like a soothing voice from heaven.

'Tis night—  
The world how hushed and still—  
Dim towers—the shadowy hill;  
Earth's guardian spirits fill  
Their urns with holy light.

## DON'T BE A TALKER.

One half of the mischief in the world is done by talking. And one half of the difficulty we get into as we go along through life, is the result of our saying what we might just as well not have said. There's much wisdom in the old maxim, 'keep your mouth shut, and your ears open.' There is, rely upon it.

I do not know any body, in any situation or profession in life to whom the advice is not applicable. It is sometimes said that the lawyers live by talking; that talking is their trade, and so on; but the fact is, the lawyers are as apt to talk too much as any body, and to suffer as much by it; to spin out a long argument they necessarily fall into the habit of dealing in fancy more than facts—saying things about parties and witnesses that do much harm and no good...and their reputation for candor will generally diminish in the same proportion as that for loquacity increases. To hear some men at the bar you would suppose that if they were held by the feet, the words would run out of their mouths by mere force of gravity for a week at a time, without troubling their brains at all.

A preacher may talk too much. One of the best sermons ever delivered in the world was the sermon on the Mount. You may read it as it is reported in fifteen minutes. And though its style and power is unapproachable, its brevity might well be often imitated.

Our politicians talk too much. It is really refreshing to hear a sensible man talk sensibly on the topic for fifteen minutes. But if one listens to the street-rant of the day, the whole science of politics seems to have become twisted into a Chinese puzzle, that nobody can find the beginning or end of.

When I find a neighbor caught in the meshes of a slander suit, I feel more sympathy than indignation. He has probably said in a moment of excitement, which his cooler judgment would have restrained... what he does not deliberately approve himself—and probably is sorry for. But the thing is said, his pride is up, and he has in the end to open his pocket for having opened his mouth. If he will listen to my short lesson, he will not be caught in such a scrape again. *Don't talk too much.*

When I hear that man and his wife do not live happy together—read of an application for a divorce—am told of agreements for separation—or any thing of that kind, I am always suspicious that I know the cause; that I perfectly understand the true secret of the difficulty. Master is occasionally petulant and huffy, and Madame lectures instead of humoring him. Each party stands upon martial bill of rights, until it ends in a legal bill of divorce. There is no interfering in such matters. But I wish I could whisper in the ear of every husband and every wife too—*Don't talk too much.*

Some young people have a notion that they can talk each other into matrimony. It is a mistake; in such a delicate matter as this, the tongue had better be contented with playing a subordinate part. The eye can tell a better story...the language of action will make a better impression...the love that grows up in the silent sunshine which congenial hearts reflect upon each other, is the healthiest and most enduring. The manner will always sink deeper than the language of affection. But this is a matter which people are so bent upon managing their own way, that I doubt whether my advice will be worth the ink and the paper.

It may be a singular conceit, but I'll tell you what I like. I like to look at the quiet contemplative, thoughtful, old man, who sits in his arm chair, his chin resting between his thumb and finger, reading Seneca through a pair of spectacles. He likes old fashioned ways, old friends, old books. That old man makes no noise in the world, because he is a regular built thinker. You give him your opinion about men and things, and he hears it; tell him facts, and he examines and satisfies himself about them. Ask his opinion, and if you get it, it will come slow and cautiously. And so it is. He goes upon the principle that a man is not bound to speak—but if he does speak he is bound to say exactly what is right; and until he is sure of saying that, he says nothing. What a world would this be, if we were all quiet old men in spectacles, and thought a great deal more than we talked.—*Trenton American.*

THE PIRATE CRAFT.—A noble ship of 600 tons was on her outward passage to India, with a valuable cargo of specie

and American goods. Before doubling the Cape, a suspicious looking vessel was discovered dead to windward, under a press of canvass, bearing down upon the Indian man; the experienced eye of the Captain instantly enabled him to determine that she was a small, tight schooner, 'an acquaintance with which would not be desirable. He had few arms, and although her crew was true as steel, they could not contend with a well armed pirate. The ship was therefore put away before the wind, and every rag of canvass packed upon her that she could bear. The eye of the captain rested for a time upon his bending masts, covered with canvass to the very trucks, was then turned upon his gallant crew, who collected, having entire confidence in his skill and courage, and at last settled long and steadfastly upon the chase. She gains, she gains, and there are many hours yet of daylight. A ship has the advantage of a small sharp craft with a floating sheet—but yet she gains. The danger is pressing, is eminent, and lo! a new and terrible enemy appears, far to leeward; a black cloud rises slowly from the horizon, and gives but too surely an intimation of what may be shortly apprehended. The ship cannot shorten sail, for the chase will be upon him, and the captain's plan was instantly laid. Every man was ordered to his post, but the pirate did not start a tack or sheet, as the captain hoped he would, and allow him to gain a little before the hurricane came on. The wind freshens, the masts yield to the tremendous pressure which they have to sustain; the teeth of the stoutest seamen are set, firm in the apprehension that they will go by the board. The steady eye of the captain is fixed upon the gathering tornado; at last it comes; the ocean in the distance is white with foam, and he who was before so quiet and unmoved, is now animated to tremendous exertions. 'Let go all fore and aft,' rung out clear and loud; 'clew up and clew down,' lay aloft, were orders which followed each other in quick succession and were as quickly obeyed; the flapping sails are rapidly secured, the wind lulls, the tornado is upon them, taking them a-back; the ship falls off, she bends to the gale, until her yard arms are in the waves, and she begins to move through the water with a constantly accelerated motion.

The pirate, with the quickness of perception so common amongst men of their class, instantly comprehended his advantage. He was nearly two miles dead to leeward of the Indian, which made greater headway under her bare poles than he did—the hurricane could not last long—he would therefore be close on board of her when it passed over, and she must then fall an easy prey to him.

The captain of the noble merchantman saw it all; there was but one fearful way to escape. He had a gallant and staunch ship under him; she had not yet sprung a spar, nor split a sail; he had an extremely valuable cargo, and his men, he could not see thus strung up to the yard arm, on the principle that 'dead men tell no tales,' he therefore set his fore-topsail, and close-reefed main-topsail, which urged his ship through the water with great velocity. The little black pirate saw the plan, and attempted to make all sail, but all would not do, and he saw that his only chance for safety was, if possible, to evade the shock at the very moment of the expected concussion.

The ship came down upon him with terrific precision. 'Hard to port!' shouted the pirate to his helmsman. 'Hard to port!' echoed the merchantman to his. One tremendous crash; one wild, frantic shriek of despair, and all was hushed in death.

CAPTAIN FRENEY, THE ROBBER. About eight o'clock, of a winter's evening, towards the Christmas of 1772, or 1773, a very loud knocking was heard at the gate leading into the court-yard of the castle of Saggard, then occupied by the family of Mr. O'Reilly, a respectable brewer, in Francis street, Dublin; his younger son, a lad of about sixteen years, thinking that it was his father, or some of the other members of the family, returning from the city, went to the gate; and on enquiring who was so importunate for admission, was answered that two persons returning from Ballymore-Eustace had missed their road through the mountains, and requested permission to rest until the severity of the storm, which was then raging with violence, should pass over. The boy, with all the hospitality that marks the Irish character, immediately opened the gate, and requested the strangers to partake of whatever the house afforded. Their horses, which were both excellent, were sent to the stable; and the gentlemen, who had the appearance of military men, were requested to follow Mr. O'Reilly into the parlour, where his sisters and other females were amusing themselves, reading, working, &c. The two strangers, on entering the parlour, threw off their large horsemen's cloaks, and in doing so, a young girl, a niece of Mr. O'Reilly's, aged nine years, perceived the butt end of a pistol protrude from the breast pocket of one of the person's coats. The child took an opportunity of calling out young Mr. O'Reilly into the hall, & communicated to him what she had seen; he desired her not to say any thing of the matter to the rest of the family. He ordered supper immediately; the gentlemen accepted his hospitality, took their wine, joined in the conversation with ease and freedom, and seemed to make themselves quite at home, as the phrase goes. About ten o'clock the elder of the strangers arose, and looked out of the windows; and perceiving

that the rain had abated, he put on his cloak, and taking Mr. O'Reilly by the hand, said, I wish you good night; your hospitality and kindness have saved your father's house from being this night plundered; I am Captain Freney; my party at this moment surrounds the castle, therefore no efforts of yours could have prevented me from carrying my original plan of robbing this house of every article worth removal; your conduct, and that of the amiable family has alone prevented it: you may depend on my protection while I remain in this part of the country. It is needless to add, that Freney kept his word. Almost every house in the county of Dublin was pillaged by himself and his gang, during that winter, with the exception of the castle of Saggard.

The young misses of Cambridge, Ohio, celebrated the Fourth of July in a cool grove, and with pure water, Diana-like. Among the toasts drunk were the following:

Female Authors.—While we can boast of a Hannah Moore, a Mrs. Hemans, and our own beloved Sigourney, let no ignorant pretender charge our sex with a lack of talents of the highest order.

Female Education.—the ultimatum of all well-regulated Governments.

The cause of Education.—Those who refuse or neglect to educate their children lack charity, wisdom, and philanthropy.

Old Bachelors.—There is something rotten in Denmark.

Parties in the United States.—The best of all parties are WEDDING parties.

We should be wanting in justice if we neglected to state, that the last toast was presented by Miss Sarah Metcalf. The hint is one which ought not to be neglected; and if some of the Cambridge beaux don't ring this belle, they deserve to grope in darkness for ever, without one ray from partial beauty won.

A MONKEY'S MEMORY. Authors generally seem to think that the monkey race are not capable of retaining lasting impressions; but their memory is remarkably tenacious when striking events call it into action. A monkey which was permitted to run free had frequently seen the men servants in the great country kitchen, with its huge fireplace, take down a powder horn that stood on the chimney piece, and throw a few grains into the fire, to make Jimima and the rest of the maids jump & scream, which they always did on such occasions very prettily. Pug watched his opportunity, and when all was still, he had the kitchen entirely to himself, he clambered up, got possession of the well filled powder horn, perched himself very gingerly on one side of the horizontal wheels placed for the support of saucepans, right over the waning ashes of an almost extinct wood fire, screwed off the top of the horn, and reversed it over the grate. The explosion sent him half way up the chimney! Before he was blown up, he was a snug, trim, well conditioned monkey, as you would wish to see on a summer's day; he came down a carbonated negro in miniature, in an avalanche of burning soot. The thumb with which he pitched upon the hot ashes in the midst of the general flare up, aroused him to a sense of his condition. He was missing for days. Hunger at last drove him forth, and he sneaked into the house, close sined, and looking scared and devilish. He recovered with care, but, like some other personages, he never got over his sudden elevation and fall, but became a sadder if not a wiser monkey. If ever Pug forgot himself, and was troublesome, you had only to take down the powder horn, in his presence, & he was off to his hole like a shot, screaming and chattering his jaws like a pair of castanets.

MODESTY is the true mark of merit. No truly talented man was ever presumptuous. It is the effect of knowledge to teach us how little we know, and the greatest men have ever esteemed themselves the most ignorant. If any man would take a blade of grass and examine it, endeavor to find out the cause of its growth, its means of nutrition, or the object of its withering, he would have a task that would require more research than he could accomplish in his life. But how many thousand objects are there in nature, a thousand times more complicated. When a man of genius reflects on this, how can he be presumptuous.—*Boston Pearl.*

A laughable anecdote is related by an old citizen of Hartford, of the well-disciplined corps called the 'Rag Toes.' About twenty years ago the above named corps had occasion to parade; they were marching exactly in the direction of a very deep pond, and the Captain, (on arriving near the edge,) forgetting the usual word of command, (halt,) in order to escape being precipitated into the pond, with all his faithful followers, fell down and braced himself firmly on his hands and knees, and called out lustily to the lieutenant, (who was in the rear) 'Stop 'em, Gooden, for God's sake stop 'em.' The lieutenant, however, not hearing the order of the Captain, suffered his men to march straight into the pond, where we left them waiting further orders.—*Boston Herald.*

The Boston Post says, 'They turn women out of the Church in Vermont for kissing their husbands.' The Post has given the worst half of the case. They turn out the husbands also if they do not

kiss their wives. Such a state of affairs is perfectly right and proper. Give us old Vermont yet for true religion, beautiful women, fine sheep, and good timber for shingles.—*Boston Times*

'Nancy,' said a factory girl to her companion, 'which rail-road train do you like best?' 'That one,' replied Nancy, 'which furnishes a spark-catcher.'

'There is no truth in men,' said a lady in company. 'They are like musical instruments, which sound a variety of tones.' 'In other words, madam,' said a wit who chanced to be present, 'you believe that all men are lyres.'

## TERMS.

Ten shillings currency per year, payable at the end of six months. If paid in advance 1s. 3d. will be deducted. If delayed to the close of the year 1s. 3d. will be added for every six months delay. Grain and most kinds of produce taken in payment.

To mail subscribers the postage will be charged in addition. No paper discontinued, except at the discretion of the publishers, until arrears are paid.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Six lines and under, two shillings for the first insertion, and 6d. for every subsequent insertion. Above six lines and not exceeding ten, two shillings and nine pence; every subsequent insertion seven pence half penny.

Above ten lines, 3d. per line for the first insertion, and one penny for each subsequent insertion.

A liberal discount to those who advertise by the year.

Advertisements not otherwise ordered will be inserted till forbid in writing and charged accordingly.

## STANDARD AGENTS.

Hollis Robinson, Stukely.  
Samuel Maynard, Esq., Dunham,  
P. H. Moore, P. M., Bedford,  
Daniel Campbell, Pigeon-hill.  
Elihu Crosssett, St. Armand.  
Dr. H. N. May, Phillipsburg.  
Galloway Ereligh, Bedford.  
Capt. Jacob Ruiter, Nelsonville, Dunham.  
Albert Barney, P. M. Churchville.  
Abner Potter, Brome,  
Jacob Cook, P. M., Brome.  
P. H. Knowlton, Brome.  
Samuel Wood, M. P. P., Farnham.  
Whipple Wells, Farnham.  
Henry Boright, Sutton.  
Maj. Isaac Wilsey, Henrysburg.  
Henry Wilson, Lacole.  
Levi A. Coit, Potton.  
Capt. John Powell, Richford, Vermont.  
Nathan Hale, Troy.  
Albert Chapman, Caldwell's Manor.  
Horace Wells, Henryville.  
Allen Wheeler, Noyan.  
Daniel D. Gault, Esq., parish of St. Thomas.  
E. M. Toof, Burlington, Vt.  
Enos Bartlett, jun., East part of Sutton.  
William Keet, parish of St. Thomas.

Persons wishing to become Subscribers to the Missiskoui Standard, will please to leave their names with any of the above Agents, to whom also, or at the office in Freligsburg, all payments must be made.

## A Card.

MRS. BELLAMY, on retiring from the Commercial Hotel, begs to acknowledge her obligation to those who have so liberally patronized this Establishment, while under her charge, and trusts, that under the management of her successor, Mr. JOHN BAKER, it will continue to receive that share of public support which she feels confident his exertions will merit.

Montreal, May 13, 1837.

## Commercial



## HOTEL.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he has leased the above well known Establishment, to which many improvements have been added this Spring; and no exertion will be spared on his part to maintain the well known reputation of the House.

JOHN BAKER.  
V3 6tr  
Montreal, May 13, 1837.

## St. Johns & Troy



## STAGE.

A New Line of Stages has commenced running from St. Johns, L. C. to Troy Vt. along the valleys of the Pike and Missiskoui Rivers. At Troy it joins the Boston Line which passes through Barton, Haverill, Concord, and Lowell; at Barton intersecting the Montpelier, Danville and Stanstead Lines; the former passing through Hardwick.

This Line will leave St. Johns on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings after breakfast passing through the Grand Line, Stanbridge Freligsburg, Richford, Sutton and Potton, and arrive at Troy the same evening; and will leave Troy Tuesday, Thursday, & Saturday mornings at 4 o'clock and arrive at St. Johns, in summer, in time to take the afternoon Rail Road Cars to Montreal, & in winter, passengers will take the St. Johns and Montreal Stage.

The Proprietors, in addition to good Teams, & careful drivers, recommend this route to the public, as being the shortest, levellest, easiest, & most expeditious one, from Boston to Montreal, passing thro' that section of country, which will be taken for the Rail Road, contemplated to connect the two Cities.

FARE—3 Dollars, each way.  
J. CLARK, J. BALCH,  
C. ELKINS, A. SEARS,  
H. BRIGHT, H. M. CHANDLER,  
February, 1837.

## New Goods!!

JUST received, a general assortment of New and Fashionable

## GOODS

## & Staple Articles,

which will be sold as low as at any other store in this section of the country. Persons wishing to purchase will please call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere.

LEVI KEMP.  
V3-14  
July 18th, 1837.

## SALT!

500 Bushels St. Utes SALT  
general assortment of

## Dry Goods,

Groceries, Hardware,  
Crockery, Iron, Nails,  
Oil, Glass, &c. &c.,

Just received and for sale by

RUSSELL & ROBERTS.

## NEW YORK & MONTREAL

## FURS!

Otter, South Sea Seal, Nutre,  
Seal and Jenett Caps, Boas,  
Ruffs, Tippets, Jenett Collars  
and Gloves, Buffalo Robes,  
&c. &c. &c., for sale by

W. W. SMITH.  
Missiskoui Bay, Dec. 6th, 1836. V2-53

## 2,000 Menots

## Lisbon Salt!

in fine condition, just Landed from on board the Schooner Malvina—likewise a quantity of blown SALT.—ALSO—  
a heavy Stock of general

## Merchandise,

and for sale Wholesale & Retailly  
W. W. SMITH.  
Missiskoui Bay, 23d Nov., 1836. V2-35

## NEW STORE

AND

## New Firm!

THE subscribers have taken the store at Cooksville, St. Armand, formerly occupied by Geo. Cook, Esq., where they have just received a new assortment of Goods, consisting of

## Dry Goods,

Groceries, Crockery  
and Hardware,  
Salt, Glass, Nails, etc. etc.

and almost every article called for in a country Store. The above goods will be sold at very reduced prices. The Public are respectfully invited to call and examine for themselves. Ashes and most kinds of Produce received in exchange for Goods at fair prices.

A. & H. ROBERTS.  
Cooksville, Dec. 6, 1836.

## For Sale,

IN Frost Village, County of Shefford, an excellent Two Story

## House,

with a STORE and out Buildings adjoining, all in good order, with a Garden and sufficient Pasture for two Cows. There is also a Pearl Ashery attached, with a constant supply of water from a never failing brook passing through the grounds. The premises are known as formerly occupied by the late Samuel Willard, and are well worthy the attention of any person desirous of entering into business, or a country residence.

Possession given immediately, and terms of payment easy. Apply to  
J. C. GILMOUR & CO.  
Granby village, 3d April, 1837. 11f.

## Just Received,

30 chests Y. H. Tea,  
25 do. H. S. do  
15 do. Souchang do  
10 do. Hyson do.  
25 Bags Rio Coffee,  
25 Kegs Tobacco,  
15 Boxes Saunders Caven-  
dish do.  
6 Kegs Ladies Twist do.  
20 Bags Pepper and Pimento,  
40 Matts Capia,  
2 Tons Trinidad Sugar,  
2,000 Wt. Double Refined  
Loaf Sugar,

and a variety of articles not enumerated, for sale by  
W. W. SMITH.  
V2-355  
Dec. 6, 1836.

## Card.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the inhabitants of Phillipsburg and its vicinity, that he still continues the

## Tailoring

business in its various branches at his old stand, Day Street.

Having made arrangements to receive the latest Northern and Southern FASHIONS, and from the superior quality and low price of Cloths and first rate workmanship, the public will find at his stand inducements seldom to be met with; and, in returning his thanks for past favors, he hopes by unremitting attention, to secure a continuance of them.

Cutting done in the most approved style, at the shortest notice, for which nothing but Cash will be received.

N. B. WANTED, a BOY from 12 to 14 years of age, as an apprentice, for whose good behaviour security will be required.  
DANIEL FORD.  
V2 11-17  
Phillipsburg, June 21, 1836.